

You thought nothing of it when you took on the job. After all, it was a simple house-working gig: arrive, clean the place, get paid, leave. But you never expected your employer to be *him*. You heard the name before, Moonlight, that one infamous Umbreon. They said he was undefeated in the Pokemon Leagues. They said he was unnatural, different; one word you heard to describe him was “impossible”, and here you were, cleaning the converted half home-half battle gym called the Red Moon Gym.

“Hey, no daydreaming.”

A sudden chill went down your spine. You nervously glanced over to the Umbreon lounging on the couch, feet propped up on the coffee table while sipping away at the cool glass of lemonade he politely asked you fetch for him whilst you were cleaning the kitchen. There was no anger in his voice, only a slight annoyance, but that was enough for you to return to the task of cleaning the living area while he was there watching TV.

Though you could swear his eyes were more focused on you rather than the screen.

Still, you continued to clean; dusting, wiping, sweeping, and vacuuming, but you seemed to have had some trouble focusing purely on your task. You couldn't help but steal glances of the creature; his handsome face, his luxurious silky dark fur, those yellow markings and their curious glow, those deep red eyes, his strong athletic figure and...and...

“What are you staring at?” That perfect, youthful yet masculine voice reached your ears yet again, but it was calm and soothing as well, lacking the previous annoyance, and instead replaced with curiosity. But still, you became aflush with embarrassment. He caught you staring at his feet propped up on the coffee table, and you had yet to look away.

He traced your gaze, quickly noticing it was directed at those black paws of his.

“My feet huh?” queried Moonlight, his red eyes now looking at his own. He slowly flexed his toes tightly, scrunching his sole in the process, and then relaxed them with a lazy, yet deliberate wiggle of his toes, splaying them briefly before returning them at rest.

You released a short, but audible gasp; such a simple action forcing a hint of arousal from you. You know he heard you, he probably saw you shudder as well. You were so

embarrassed that you couldn't even stand to look in his direction any longer and attempted to resume cleaning, but it was too late. Those paws were imprinted in your mind. You couldn't stop thinking about them. Thick like a bunny's yet sleek like feline or a fox paws. That onyx colored fur and even darker colored pads on the balls of his feet and his toes; probably as soft and plush as you imagined. And those toes, oh gosh those toes; so thick and boulderous, yet dexterous, and the way his second toes were decorated with a glowing yellow band much like the pattern of his body was the icing on top. How you wished you could just be down at his feet, how you wondered how they would feel on your lips, how they would taste...

"You seem distracted," the umbreon mused, crossing one leg over the other with an idle wiggle of his toes; purposely done to draw a reaction out of you, and it worked. "Perhaps there's something else you'd rather be doing..." He trailed off.

Damn. He knew. He knew exactly what you wanted. Did he read your mind? Or was he that astute? You heard he was cunning, but you didn't know he was such a clever tease as well. You swallowed a hard, nervous lump in your throat as your eyes glanced from his appealing feet to those devious eyes and back. He caught your gaze again in that brief moment and his lips pulled back to reveal a wide, sharp, toothy grin.

"Of course, if you don't do your job, just know that you aren't getting paid. But then again, you don't mind do you? I bet you'd even pay good money to simply sniff the bottoms of my feet," the dark-type chuckled, sitting back in his seat and folding his hands behind his head.

You weren't sure how to reply, but what you **were** sure of was that this wasn't an opportunity to pass up; the offer was literally on the table; wiggling, flexing and waiting, drawing you in like a siren's call to a sailor at sea. You immediately stopped everything you were doing and gingerly approached the table, savoring the anxiousness of the moment; a quiet but excitable sense of anticipation and arousal flowing through your body. You dropped down to your knees, staring at those glorious paws in awe; you couldn't believe this was happening. You didn't know where to begin, having never expected to get this opportunity.

"Hah, look at you. Like a trained animal waiting for meal time," He taunted before uncrossing his feet and stretching his legs out to place his paws right before your face, side by side, "Well, here they are, I'm sure there's much more you'd like to do than just stare at them," He teased once more, tilting his foot forward to poke your nose with a

toe.

Indeed, and that boop to the nose was exactly what was needed to motivate you. You immediately pressed your face into the soft soles of Moonlight's feet, delighting on just how soft they felt against your features. His fur was smooth and soft like silk, his pads similarly so; yet there was a strong firmness underneath them. So inviting, yet so powerful; very fitting for this particular Umbreon.

Making the most of the current situation of having your face buried into his paws, you inhaled sharply, taking in the rich, curious, yet delicate scent of his feet. It was as amazing as it was indescribable; a strong, potent, yet incredibly alluring musk that was thick, yet sweet. It was hardly unpleasant, but it was intense, almost hypnotic; with a slight hint of sweat, which was no doubt due to the sheer heat of the Umbreon's feet.

Moonlight's feet were warm, very warm, and pleasantly so. Between the wonderful scent and the comfortable temperature, it was almost impossible to want to pull yourself away; having never encountered feet so perfect. You couldn't help but wonder about the many that have been pinned underneath these soles; pressed and flattened underneath such a warm blanket while enveloped by that incredible scent. You nuzzled and rubbed your face into those amazing paws; completely content with your features smelling like his musk all day. It was a scent you could smell forever.

"It's not that I don't enjoy using your face as a foot rest," said the Umbreon, gently rubbing his soles against your face while wiggling and tapping his toes against your head, "But I'd imagine you wanted so much more than to just smell my feet," He finished with a chuckle.

Your face suddenly became warmer, and that wasn't just due to his feet. Embarrassment had settled in upon realizing how right he was. You didn't want to just smell and bury your face in it; no, you wanted to do so much more. You reluctantly withdrew your face, your blush deepening as not only was the scent of his feet stuck to your face, but his eyes were focused on you the whole time; the Umbreon watching with an amused smirk on his face.

You glanced back down to those paws, taking a deep breath before bringing your hands up to them. You took his feet in both hands, gently gripping the tops of them as you ran your thumbs along the soles; delighting in the soft, silky smoothness of his dark fur before pressing in further and letting in a soft gasp upon feeling how firm and strong the

flesh was underneath. You slid your thumbs up to his main pad, pressing and rubbing into them, pleased at how squishy and yielding they were like lush fluffy pillows; there was no doubt that being stepped on by them would be somewhat of a pleasant experience. You then rubbed at those thick toes with your fingers; soft, strong, cute. Umbreon paws were truly the best.

Soon you found yourself kneading, rubbing and stroking at them; giving the Umbreon a fairly enjoyable massage as noted by his deep rumbling purrs. His toes flexed, splayed and wiggled, he sat back further in his seat and threw his head back against the couch, closing his eyes and enjoying the pampering of his powerful peds. You couldn't have been happier to see him so pleased; to be enjoying your handiwork.

"You have a decent pair of hands there," said the Umbreon as he lifted his head and smiled down to you, "But you're not satisfied with just touching and smelling them, are you?" He pulled his foot back slightly, only to tilt it forward and bring his first toe to your lips, rubbing the soft, smooth pad against them, "Quit teasing yourself and get into it for real," He chuckled, propping his feet back up and watching you intently.

You subconsciously kissed his toe once it played at your lips, blushing even further once you noticed you did it without thinking. You never imagined he could be such a tease, but just the same, he was completely right. You kissed it again, and then again. Next thing you knew you were peppering all of his toes with sweet kisses before similarly smooching the length of his soles; devoting full worship to them. You lovingly pecked all the way down to his heels, then out came your tongue, pressing it flat against the fuzzy sole and dragged it all the way up to his main pad, licking hungrily at it before pressing your lips to it once more. You gave a more thorough, warmer, deeper kiss to his main pads; suckling lightly at the plushy things and licking at them some more. You then went back up to those toes, wrapping your lips around one of them, immediately sucking upon it while slathering your tongue all over it; matting down the fur and getting those pads slippery and wet. You repeated the process with the other digits; sucking and licking happily. You were truly in your own personal heaven.

But there was something peculiar, unusual, and interesting about it all: the taste. Similar to his scent; it was impossible to describe. It was sweet, yet also a bit salty. It was strong, yet also subtle. But nonetheless, it was impossible to resist. The flavor danced all over your lips and tongue, making you crave more and more. You couldn't stop kissing, licking and suckling up all over those feet, all the while taking deep breaths of that incredible smell. It made your head swim, it made your body feel warm; it all started to

become more and more intense.

You suddenly paused in your attentions, withdrawing from those amazing paws to catch your breath. Your heart was racing, your vision was blurred and out of focus, the room was spinning, and you started to feel hotter and hotter. You felt as if you came down with a fever; your stomach was churning, you broke out in a cold sweat. You glanced around. The room seemed to stretch out on all sides of you, the ceiling was rising further away from you, the walls were seemingly sliding backwards and stretching out. It was as if everything was growing, and leaving you behind.

You glanced back to those feet, your eyes going as wide as dinner plates. Were they always that big? No way! But the fact of the matter was that they're getting bigger and further away from you. You realized the table they were resting upon was rising as well, causing you to quickly clamber onto the surface as the carpeted floor behind you was moving further and further away. You continued to peer over the edge to watch the floor sink away from you, until it finally stopped. The strange sickness in your body subsided as well; it was over.

But what was the meaning of all this? Why did everything suddenly grow? Or maybe...you shrank?! You turned to face the Umbreon and quickly gasped, jaw dropping as those feet you adored were suddenly massive, dwarfing your current form completely. You craned your neck back to gaze up along those thick soles up to those lazily wiggling toes. How could have this have happened? You barely cleared the heels at your current size.

You looked to the Umbreon in confusion; now huge beyond your comprehension, like a massive skyscraper come to life. Nonetheless, you demanded an answer while gazing at those glowing rings, those piercing red eyes and that wide, devious grin.

"Mm? Wondering what happened? I thought it'd be pretty obvious at this point," His smooth voice echoed in your ears and vibrated around you like thunder. The gigantic, statuesque creature leaned forward slightly, smiling down at you, "Can you still taste it?" He asked, wiggling his toes.

You blinked in confusion at his words, then suddenly licked your lips. That amazing taste from his feet still danced about your chops and the tip of your tongue. You gave a slow, but apprehensive nod, unsure of what that had to do with anything.

“Those are toxins, my little friend. Poisons specifically meant to shrink. It wasn’t really supposed to work **that** fast, but you just couldn’t help yourself to my paws,” He explained, “Now I know this is the part where you beg me to change you back, but ask yourself this,” He lowered a foot down in front of you, slamming it down with a firm \*thump\* onto the table surface, “You now have more of my feet than you can ever handle. Do you REALLY want to go back?”

The impact of his falling paw was enough to knock you off your feet and onto your rear, while those words tickled within your ears. You gazed upon those massive toes, each the size of vehicles. To think you could once fit them into your mouth, and now they could easily cover your entire body underneath them. That damn Umbreon, tugging at your desire to be at his feet; the temptation was strong, but you couldn’t possibly give up normalcy for this, could you?

“I see,” spoke the Umbreon, “I think what you need, is some more convincing.”

The two boulder-like toes before you slowly parted while his foot slid toward you, quickly gripping you inbetween those two massive toes; still slightly damp from sweat and your own saliva. They pinched firmly and squeezed your body as they rubbed on both sides of you, working you deep into the crotch of the pair of digits. Within an instant you were assaulted by that beloved scent once again, which was far more intense as your current size. You couldn’t resist, burying your face into the fur and flesh; licking and kissing wherever you could in between those two toes and especially the wall of glowing yellow that made up the Umbreon’s toe ring.

“Looks like you didn’t need much convincing after all,” said the Umbreon with a chuckle, relaxing his toes and letting you fall from them back onto the table; leaving you cursing gravity from tearing you away from such an experience.

And what an experience it was; to be completely overtaken by just mere toes with little effort was incredible and quite possible the hottest thing you’ve ever experienced in your life.

“It’s a fair exchange I think,” spoke the Umbreon as he shifted slightly in his seat, sitting forward as he set his paws on both sides of you with two heavy thumps upon the table. He laid his feet upon their sides, leaving you with two massive walls of Umbreon sole on both sides of you; as if you now found yourself in a canyon of umbry feet. “I have you as my little foot pet, and you have all the feet you could ever want, and then some.”

Once he had finished speaking, those walls closed in around you. Moonlight pressed his feet together, sandwiching you right in between his two main pads. You were squished firmly in between them with an intense crushing force; your body forcefully pressed flat into one of his pillowy, thick, squishy, yielding pad while the other pushed into you from behind. You were intimately familiar with the scent and heat of his feet at this point, but here, the intensity of it all seemed to have been multiplied tenfold. It was as if you were enveloped by overwhelming cloud of heat and feet; it was all you could breathe, it was all you could taste. You felt those feet shift around you, shuffling and rubbing together as you were dragged along for the ride; being pulled all the way down along the length of his sole and back up to his toes, where you were firmly pushed in underneath them; forced to endure every bit of the elements of Moonlight's feet.

For what seemed like hours only lasted a few minutes before the Umbreon finally parted his feet, letting you flop down onto your back and catch your breath. While his scent still filled your nostrils, you gasped desperately for fresh air; mainly to replace what was crushed out of your lungs. But your reprieve would only last so long as you saw his foot raised up over you.

"I think this is going to be the start of a beautiful relationship," He said as he lowered his foot down on top of you.

There was little room for any protest as that house-sized (in relative comparison anyway) paw came down on you; his main pad greeting you once more as it pressed down and smothered your entire form as you squished into it. It was just like you imagined; the intense heavy weight of that paw pinning you firm and flat underneath it, the heat overcoming you like a warm blanket. You wanted to know what it was like, and now you experienced it for all it's worth. And it was everything you wanted.

It truly was the beginning of a beautiful relationship.